



Where bay and river tranquil blend,  
And leafy hillsides rise,  
The spires of Providence ascend  
Against the ancient skies,  
And in the narrow winding ways  
That climb o'er slope and crest,  
The magic of forgotten days  
May still be found to rest.  
A fanlight's gleam, a knocker's blow,  
A glimpse of Georgian brick -  
The sights and sounds of long ago  
Where fancies cluster thick.  
A flight of steps with iron rail,  
A belfry looming tall,  
A slender steeple, carved and pale,  
A moss-grown garden wall.  
A hidden churchyard's crumbling proofs  
Of man's mortality,  
A rotting wharf where gambrel roofs  
Keep watch above the sea.  
Square and parade, whose walls have towered  
Full fifteen decades long  
By cobbled ways 'mid trees embowered,  
And slighted by the throng.  
Stone bridges spanning languid streams,  
Houses perched on the hill,  
And courts where mysteries and dreams  
The brooding spirit fill.  
Steep alley steps by vines concealed,  
Where small-paned windows glow  
At twilight on a bit of field  
That chance has left below.  
My Providence! What airy hosts  
Turn still thy gilded vanes;  
What winds of elf that with grey ghosts  
People thine ancient lanes!  
The chimes of evening as of old  
Above thy valleys sound,

While thy stern fathers 'neath the mould  
Make blest thy sacred ground.



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